THE

CRISIS.

NUMBER XXIX. *To be continued Weekly.*

SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 5, 1775. [*Price* Two Pence Half-penny.

To the KING.

Graſp not at Sceptres, which may turn to Rods,
To Day is your's, To-morrow is the God's.

LEE's *Saphoniſba*, Act V. Scene I.

SIR,

ONCE more to ſtay the Fury of the Sword,
Cato addreſſes Britain's miſled Lord;
Graſp not at Sceptres, by a Tyrant's Rules,
A ſervile Empire is the Curſe of Fools;
Freedom to Man did Heaven's great God ordain,
Shall Man preſume that Freedom to reſtrain;
Vain Mortal, can'ſt thou bid thy Light'nings fly,
Or hurl like him, thy Thunders thro' the Sky;
And dar'ſt thou then annul the Gift of Heaven,
And ſtrive t'abridge the Freedom God has giv'n:
Ceaſe, ceaſe, preſumptuous Prince; nor longer dare
'Gainſt God and Man to wage unequal War;
'Tis Heaven aſſerts each individuals Right,
Oppreſſing them, 'gainſt Heaven itſelf you fight.

'Think

Think not 'tis Malice that incites the Pen
Of Cato, thus t'addreſs the firſt of Men;
Heav'n knows my Heart, and knows it is ſincere,
And Heaven is Witneſs while I ſolemn ſwear;
Thou haſt not on the glorious Britiſh Shore
A ſingle Subject that reveres thee more;
I love the Name of George, I love my King,
But hate the Traitors, whence theſe Evils ſpring;
Call'd forth in Arms t'aſſert my Country's Cauſe,
I'd dye with Joy for Brunſwick and the Laws;
Thoſe Laws for which your Family has fought,
And Principles your God-like Grandſire taught;
Tenets avow'd by him, from whence you came,
(What Glories wait on his all-honour'd name)
Illuſtrious Frederick, how each Briton glows,
To ſee his Prince a Miniſter oppoſe;
Walpole ſhrunk back, when foremoſt Frederick came,
And glorious Pitt ſupported every claim;
When *Pultney roſe to t'aſſert the injur'd Laws,
And Wyndham Argued in his Country's Cauſe;
On Frederick's Heir impatient Britons wait,
And hail great Great George, the Savior of the State:
Your glorious Grandfires Conduct Prince review,
And be the Father of your People too;
But are you ſo, can God-like Truth declare,
" You are not (anſwers the dire Pow'r of War)
" My Reign extends along the frighted Shore,
" Witneſs yon Hills of Slain, yon Seas of Gore;

* Pultney, Earl of Bath. And we can ſtill I hope, boaſt ſome honeſt Names whom no Tyrant can drive from their Country's glorious Cauſe, among the Foremoſt, may we not rank *Rockingham*, *Shelburn*, *Camden*, *Effingham*, *Torrington*, *Aſaph*, *Abergavenny*, *Mancheſter*, *Portland*, *Richmond*, *Devonſhire*, *Leinſter*, *Abingdon*, *Archer*, *Berkeley*, *Cholmondeley*, *Fitzwilliam*, *Ponſonby*, *Stanhope*, *Tankerville*, *Temple*, Fred. *Exon*. *Spencer*, *Craven*, and *Wycombe*. Theſe are thy Saviours, Britain, after failing to ſucceed in the Preſervation of *American* Liberty, by the moſt forcible and conſtitutional Reaſons, gave their ſilent Negative (their glorious Names only) as the laſt Proof of their own Virtue, as well as a contemptuous Record againſt their Opponents, for Want of Humanity and Love of their Country. Can Britons be ſo degenerate? Can they be ſo baſe as to deſert a Cauſe wherein ſo many glorious Names are embarked? For bid it every Idea of Honour! Forbid it every Idea of Shame! let it unanimouſly concur in this Requeſt to miſled Majeſty, " To diſmiſs, immediately, " and for ever, from his Counſels, theſe Miniſters and Adviſers, as the firſt " Step towards a full Redreſs of thoſe Grievances which alarm and afflict your " whole People. The noble, the unprejudiced Livery of London, generouſly did their Parts; and ſhall we, becauſe a mean dattardly Common Council deſerted the Stadard of Freedom, ſhrink from the glorious Cauſe; and when the Trumpet ſounds the Charge, ignominiouſly leave the Field.——No, let us, in the Language of Reſolution and Fortitude, " Tell our Dictator this," That Britons will be FREE.

See

" The Plains of Lexington dire Proſpect riſe,
" And call for Vengeance from the frowning Skies."
Let's try the Cauſe from whence theſe Evils ſpring,
And view the TYRANT and the PATRIOT King.

See the pale Wretch fit trembling on the Car,
Greatly unhappy 'midſt his Crouds of War,
Hem'd in with Arms, beſet with Swords and Spears,
His very State acknowledging his Fears;
Marching amidſt a Thouſand Gaurds he ſhows,
His ſecret Horror of a Thouſand Foes,
'Midſt all his Triumph, trembling at the Guilt,
And ſkrinking from the BLOOD his Hands have ſpilt,
The Cries of injured Innocence prevail,
And Juſtice ſternly lifts her broken Scale,
Vengeance ſtands by and points th' eternal pow'r,
And ſtifled Conſcience arms the dreadful Hour;
(*Some Voice of God cloſe whiſpering from within,
" Wretch, this is Villany, and this is Sin, ")
Each ruſtling Wind the haughty Tyrant hears,
Fills him with conſcious Dread and Cauſeleſs Fears;
Though Thouſand Gaurds arround his Chariot wait,
And Kings in Triumph led proclaim his State;
Though crouding Laurels wreath his conqu'ring Brow,
In every Face the Tyrant fears a Foe,
Greatly unhappy in his Breaſt he feels,
Torments ſurpaſſing Flames, and Racks and Wheels.

O how unlike him is the Patriot Name,
Fear march'd before where 'er the Tyrant came;
Here LOVE alone prepares the Hero's Way,
And Joy and ſmiling Pleaſure ever gay,
Around his Triumph the glad nations wait,
And hail him home, the Father of the State;
Chearful, ſerene, the tranquil Monarch moves,
His People's LOVE a conſtant ARMY proves;
He needs not Gaurds, the Sword, or brandiſh'd Spear,
Nor all the Dreadful Habiliments of War;
A ſacred Calmneſs lulls his conſcious Breaſt,
With ſweet Compoſure, and with heartfelt Reſt,
Secure in Heaven bred Innocence he ſtands,
The Sire belov'd of the ſurrounding Bands,
The general Voice proclaims him o'er the Reſt,
At once the firſt, the wiſeſt, and the Beſt;

(1) Two Lines from Pope's Tranſlation of Homer's Oddyſſy. Book 20.

"From Conſcious Virtue ſtrong Aſſurance flows,
Whoſe CAUSE is RIGHT can brave a THOUSAND FOES;
Such conſcious Virtue fires the Patriot Mind,
Devoid of Ill to every Good inclin'd,
He Lives but for his Country's Good, his Care
Still points at that, his Soul is center'd there.

Say, which of theſe can Britain's Monarch claim,
Th' Tyrant's hated, or, th' Patriot's honour'd Name,
May Heaven, indulgent for our Errors paſt,
Forgive, and Goerge again aſſume the Laſt.
See Heaven conſents, AMERICANS ſtill ſue
To GEORGE, and once more beg their Peace from you;
Slight not their Overtures, offend not Heav'n,
Nor trifle with the precious Moment given,
United firm, in honourable Peace,
May every Woe, with Civil Diſcord ceaſe;
Now is the Time, now is the important Hour,
And Peace is yet within a GEOGRE'S Power;
To Day attend, attend your Peoples Pray'r,
Call back your Armies, and conſent to ſpaer;
To Day attend, the next may be too late,
To ſave a Nation from impending Fate.
To Day is yours, the gracious Call attend,
And bid AMERICA be BRITAIN's Friend;
Peace with its Bleſſings, to theſe Realms reſtore,
And bid the Martial Thunders ceaſe to roar,
Do this, and grateful Thouſands ſhall revere,
The Name of GEORGE, and Love as well as Fear.

Remove, for ever, from the Britiſh Throne,
The Traitors who their Country have undone,
The titled Villains, whoſe protracted Fate,
Juſt Heaven delays, to make their Ruin great,
Let not imploring Millions ſue in vain,
But hope from thee this Juſtice to obtain;
Riſe, riſe, vindictive and with dreadful Ire,
Bid the Black Traitors back to HELL retire,
Do this, and GEORGE'S ever honour'd Name,
The foremoſt Place 'mongſt Britain's Chiefs ſhall claim.

This precious Moment, Heav'ns indulgent Pow'r
In Mercy gives, embrace the auſpicious Hour,

Behold the Genius of *North Am'rick* ſtand,
The SWORD and OLIVE waving in her Hand,
Chuſe WAR or PEACE, the great Deciſion lies,
On THEE, the World attends with anxious Eyes;
By YOU muſt Peace with all its Bleſſings reign,
Or CIVIL RAGE embroil the Britiſh Plain;
Weigh well the Importance of this trying Hour,
And ſeize the Moments, yet within your Power;
Do this, or hear an injured Nation ſay,
VENGEANCE is theirs, and they will ſure repay;
Can penſion'd Raſcals, who your Throne ſurround,
Protect that Throne, when tott'ring to the Ground,
Can MANSFIELD when much injur'd Subjects riſe,
Or BUTE, Protect you with fallacious Lies;
Can JENKINSON and RIGBY Realms engage,
Or Wav'ring NORTH ſupport a People's Rage;
Will bullying then, their Monarchs Cauſe ſuſtain,
When gaſping Britain bleeds at every Vein;
When her brave Sons thoſe very Traitors bring,
Dragg'd from the Arms of their deluded KING,
To Public JUSTICE,— ſee the Villains come,
'Midſt JOYFUL MILLIONS, trembling at their Doom.

Let Britonss try this Juſtice to obtain,
Nor longer hear the Nation ſue in vain.

Graſp not at Scepters, let not Luſt of ſway,
Perſwade thee Prince, the Laws to diſobey,
The LAWS I ſay, from whence our Monarchs SPRING,
The ſacred Laws, Britannia's GREATER KING;
We owe no Faith to Brunſwick's empty Name,
Not any Monach can obedience claim,
Who ceaſes ſacred Freedom to maintain,
And dares attempt unaw'd by LAWS to reign,
Not any King can force us to OBEY,
Who dares from Britain's ſacred Laws to ſtray.

Curſt be the Man, whom Danger can perſwade,
To ſell his RIGHT, and dares a DESPOT Aid;
Curſt be the Man, unworthy of the Light,
Who aids a Monarch, 'gainſt his Countrys Right;
Curſt be the Man who draws, or dares to draw,
His Trait'rous SWORD againſt the Britiſh LAW.

What Scenes of Woe, beyond the Atlantick lie,
By GEORGE the THIRD, whole Nations doom'd to die,
Can Heavens juſt God, his Vengeance long reſtrain,
Or let his aweful Thunder ſleep in Vain;
When Crimes like theſe, with proud Defiance look,
And dare the Arm Almighty to the Stroke;
A Moment Prince, their Magnitude ſurvey,
And bluſh to own them in the Face of Day;
Thy Subjects BLOOD by thy Direction SPILT,
In vain on GAGE's Head transfer the Guilt;
The Deed was acted by the Sovereign's Hand,
The Sword was pointed by the King's Command;
THINE was the dire Deſign, 'twas *THINE* alone,
Years of Contrition muſt the crime attone;
Nor can your guilty Soul expect Relief,
But from a long Sincerity of Grief;
To Luſt of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd,
That curſed Poiſon, to a Prince's Mind,
In Paths of Error, daily doſt thou rove,
And looſe thy great Defence, thy Peoples Love;
Ill counſel'd, vanquiſh'd, fugitive, diſgrac'd,
Thou hence ſhalt mourn the Britiſh Strength defac'd,
Perhaps the King dimmiſh'd, and the Crown,
With leſſen'd Rays, deſcending to thy Son;
Shalt ſee the Wreaths thy Grandſire knew to get,
By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
Pining, incline their ſickly Leaves and ſhed
Their falling Honours from their giddy Head;
By Arms or Prayer, unable to aſſwage
Domeſtic Horror, and inteſtine Rage,
Shalt from the Victor, and the Vanquiſh'd fear,
From Britain's Arrow, and North Am'rick's Spear.

May gracious Heaven avert this Scene of Woe,
Nor thou, O! Prince, theſe various Evils know;
If yielding to an injur'd Nations Prayer,
You call your Cout-throats back, and bid them ſpare;
If wrong'd America can pity claim,
A you again aſſume a Fathers Name;
Your People's Love, your Remnant Life ſhall crown,
And be the firm Supporter of your Throne,
Dire ſlavery Clank no more her horrid Chain
But God-like Liberty ſmile o'er your Reign,
Wars hateful Fiend, beſmeard with human BLOOD,
Start back, and croſs again the Stygean Flood;
You diſtinguiſh'd, in the bright Rolls of Fame,
Shalt ſtand; and Millions bleſs a GEORGE'S Name.

Printed and publiſhed for the Authors, by T. W. *Shaw*, in Fleet-Street, oppoſite Anderton's Coffee Houſe, where Letters to the Publiſher, will be thankfully recived.